

The most lamentable Tragedie

Shee will a handmaide be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend faire Queene: Pantheon Lords accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the Heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune conquered,
There shall we consummate our spousall rites.

Exeunt omnes.

Titus. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and challenged of wrongs.

Enter Marcus and Titus sonnes.

Marcus. O *Titus* see: O see what thou hast done
In a bad quarrell slaine a vertuous sonne.

Titus. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deede,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy sonnes.

Lucius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes,
Giue *Mucius* buriall with our bretheren.

Titus. Traytors away, he rests not in this tombe:
This monument fve hundred yeares hath stood,
Which I haue sumptuously reedified:
Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Seruitors
Repose in fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.

Marcus. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds doo plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two sonnes speakes.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Titus. And shall. What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes.

He that would vouch it in any place but heere.

Titus

of *Titus Andronicus.*

Titus. What would you bury him in my despight?
Marcus. No noble *Titus*, but intreate of thee.

To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Titus. *Marcus*: Euen thou hast stroke vpon my crest.
And with these boyes mine honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

3. Sonne. He is not with himselfe, let vs withdraw.

2. Sonne. Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.

The brother and the sonnes kneele.

Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth nature pleade.

2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Titus. Speake thou no more, if all the rest will speede.

Marcus. Renowned *Titus*, more then halfe my soule.

Lucius. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.

Marcus. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre,

His noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in honour and *Lauius* cause.

Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:

The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Ajax*

That slew himselfe: and wife *Laertes* sonne,

Did graciously plead for his Funerals:

Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,

Be bard his entrance heere.

Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,

The dismalst day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonoured by my sonnes in Rome:

Well bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the tombe.

Lucius. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy friends,
Till we with Trophees doo adorne thy tombe:

They all kneele and say,

No man shed teares for noble *Mutius*,

He liues in fame, that dide in vertues cause.

Exit.